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Along With Kaiserism

events have taken in this war. Probably ducers. never before in history, not even in the Réformation, or in the revolutions of the eighteenth century, has there been such a general sifting out of the useless, the wornout, the harmful, as is now going on and must follow this general shaking up of present civilization. We are, indeed, approaching a new age, and all that enters into the future must pass the severest test of social fitness. Customs, practices, bellefs which have survived for centuries are being broken up and cast aside by the hand of necessity. Old standards of value have fallen and new ones are being raised up.

Into the scrapheap along with Kaiserism goes the old policy of national expansion and colonial possession which began with the discovery of the New World in the fifteenth century, and has for five thousand years inspired much of the comzation.

three years ago precipitated this crisis ness for facts. upon the least warlike generation in his- In our own time-in the pre-war period

government as the orating, protesting poli- food director.

Into the scrapheap along with Kaiserism is going the old economic individualism left over from the nineteenth century. Everywhere a new nationalization of industry is taking place. For years the their coun de grace.

disfranchisement of half the human race dramatic art at its best as holding up the ing his many-colored floats! How obstinately because of the difference of sex. Sooner mirror to nature. Perhaps even in a truer er later equal suffrage must have come as, sense the humble advertisement may be a necessary democratic adjustment to mod- called not only the mirror of man, but the ern industrialism, the fact of universal glass of the time in which he lives. else could have done.

Into the scrapheap along with Kaiserlation of America. From this day onward. triotism of the Colonial American who sent we are world citizens. A new internation- this advertisement to "The Gazette": alism, which is at the same time a splendid, new and broader nationalism, has taken possession of us. Whatever is done to any one-in Belgium, Serbia, Armenia-comes swiftly back to us. With the new sense of the solidarity of humanity the basic principles of democracy take on new meaning and demand new application. Each day the meaning of these trying times becomes clearer to us. This is a democratic renaissance, a general housecleaning of civilization which was long overdue.

Relaxed Physical Requirements examiner differences of opinion and judg- Sewall's Meeting-House." There were ment must be made manifest now and then. farms, houses and all sorts of goods to be The difficulties have been shown pretty sold at public vendue, while any one who Paris, France, July 21, 1917.

before the committee appointed in England and seeds were imported from England in to inquire into the reëxaminations of medi- 1770 can find a long and interesting list in cal recruiting boards. Of course, the sys- the advertisement of Abigail Davidson, tem there is much more complicated than whose shop was "about the middle of ours is at present, and some very serious Seven-Star Lane, Boston." From these mistakes have undoubtedly been made. and other advertisements one can readily With all the different categories involved, it see that even in Colonial days the women would be remarkable if there were not of Boston had ventured into business on F. A. many instances of injustice. But a point their own account, and that as respects that is incidentally brought out is the dif- woman's rights and place in business there ficulty of fixing tests that may permanent- was no question. ly be depended upon to work smoothly and As for the men who advertised, we give evenly all around.

far too many men were rejected. The erence: standards were too exacting and sometimes too pedantic for practical purposes. Many modifications have been introduced abroad, and before our ranks are filled experience will probably bring about further changes here, too.

Hoover and Malthus

There is irony in the fact that it is war rather than peace which brings the food dictator to the world. War presents the problem of food more graphically than peace does. It is obvious that war results in a heightened consumption of food, a marked destruction of it and a lessened The Kaiser is not the only social incubus production of it because of limitations on whose doom is sealed by the turn which the number of hands engaged as pro-

In peace time food shortages and their attendant social ills are often hidden in the mass of the world's economic machin-Food riots such as New York saw last winter are not frequent in modern When nations compete commercially, industrially and through the conflict of certain sections of the populace-by reason of an always inequitable distribution always evident. Nevertheless, they are strength, does no more than disclose.

Malthus, it must be believed, never got petition for national greatness. The cry so far as to imagine a Hoover. The famous "A place in the sun" will never again "Essay on the Principle of Population" mean what it meant in the summer of would have been, however, inferentially 1914. Henceforth, national greatness will an argument for food control if early be measured by the happiness of peoples, nineteenth century thought had developed the freedom and justice of their laws, their so far as to allow such control of private excellence in the arts of peace and civili- property. As populations increase, Malthus observed, the means of subsistence Into the scrapheap along with Kaiser- become proportionately less adequate. The ism goes the old diplomacy of secrecy and importance of war in the Malthusian docintrigue, the old statecraft based upon trine lay in its destructive power. War plaint that their apples must rot on the thirst for military power and dynastic ambition, upon class privileges and suspicion enough food to go around among those who of neighboring states. The world will not remained. No doubt this was depressing, forgive, not permit again, the bungling stu- but Malthus was an honest and courapidity, the conceit and hypocrisy which geous man, who seemed to have a fond-

tory. Never before did men march off to -there has been an unconscious attack on war with so little of the professional sol- the operation of the Malthusian law, an dier in their hearts, or with such grim de- attack which is apparent in a study of intermination that never again will a selfish tensive food production, in a multiplicaand antiquated diplomacy be permitted so tion of the methods of transporting food and in a critical attitude toward specula-Into the scrapheap along with Kaiser- tion in food commodities. But the world ism is going the old-fashioned game of do- has had to wait for war itself to complete mestic politics. Probably no group of men the process-to take advantage of the in history have in so short a time shown widespread tendency toward collective themselves incapable of the real tasks of control of public processes and establish a

ticians of the old school, whose eighteenth | The lesson of war ought not to be wasted century ideas of government, parochial when peace comes again. It may be that outlook and habit of bluffing and chancing the pressure of an industrial and economic have everywhere so weakened the effective- competition between nations, resumed on flesh, and they are carefully picked and ness of democratic nations in the war that a greater scale than ever before, will force the first task of each, before it could sum- the state everywhere to retain the food mon its forces for the struggle, has been dictator. At least it would be folly for to take out of the hands of politicians the America to surrender the lesson of social

Oldtime Advertisements

but little connection with business and who surely will be glad ever after. waste and social injustice of the old knows life best through the medium of laissez faire system were a scandal upon books the average advertisement in news-Western civilization. But it has taken the papers and magazines seems scarcely war, with its consequent mobilization of worthy of a thought beyond the immediate all national resources, to give to private object it has in view. Yet in a sense prob- King George salmon fishing is too good to be greed, speculation and social inefficiency ably the most accurate portraiture of man lost. It runs (in translation); and of the times in which he lives is to be Into the scrapheap along with Kaiser- found in the advertising columns of newsism is going our foolish and traditional papers. Shakespeare rightly looked at the tionless under his umbrella patiently regard-

As an illustration of this thought we re- begins to descend. My God! but how he ness; but the situation created by the war fer to a page of "The Boston Gazette and strikes! The hook is implanted in the very has hastened woman suffrage as nothing Country Journal" for Monday, March 12, bowels of the salmon. The King rises. He 1770, which gives a contemporary account spurns aside his footstool. He strides strongly of the Boston Massacre, its causes and con- and swiftly toward the rear. In good time sequences. Who can doubt the sturdy pa- the salmon comes to approach himself to the

> WHEREAS fome evil minded Perfon or Per- water. nftant, make at my Shop a Number of Clubs for the Ufe of the Soldiers; which Report tends much to my Disadvantage.-I do therefore hereby declare, that I never did either make or caufe to be made, by myself or any other Perfon, any Club or Clubs, or any Sort of Weapon, for any of the Sol-diery; and if any fuch Thing was done at my Shop, it was intirely without my Knowl-To the Truth of which I am ready to atteft on Onth. As witness my Hand. ADAM AIR.

There are other advertisements in this Colonial newspaper equally indicative of Occasional revision of the regulations the times and the character of the people for physical examinations under the draft who inserted them. As it was at the beginlaw must doubtless be expected, and it ning of spring, many of the articles to would be unreasonable to quarrel with the which their owners called the attention of medical authorities for what may appear the public were garden seeds, as in the to indicate a want of decision in establish- case of Elizabeth Clark and Arwell, whose ing standards. Such standards must be shop was "six doors to the southward of France with our Maison Familiale. determined more or less experimentally, the Mill-Bridge," or Elizabeth Greenleaf, and a certain amount of confusion at first whose shop was "at the end of Union is probably inevitable. Some inconsisten- Street, over against the Blue Ball," while cies will be discovered, too, for unless all Bethiah Oliver kept garden seeds also for Committee of the Orphelinat des Armees and the men were to be passed under a single sale at her shop, "opposite the Rev. Dr. in my own.

clearly of late in some of the testimony wishes to know what kinds of fruit trees

Zenas Smith, one of the earliest members There is no doubt that in the early days of the well known Smith family, the pref-

> LOST on Saturday the 3d of this Inftant March between Five and Ten of the Clock in the Morning, Five Johannes or Josephus's or both, loofe out of my Pocket, between my Dwelling-Houfe in Abington, and the Widow Sufanna Richardfon's in Roxbury: Upon a mound of skulls I'll rear my throne, Whoever fhall take up faid Pieces of Money, and will give Information to the Printers hereof, or to the Subfcriber, fhall have Ten Dollars Reward, or Two Dollars for each Piece, paid by me the Subferiber. ZENAS SMITH.

Abington, March 5, 1770. Here, at last, is the touch of nature that makes us all akin and helps us to undertand what Emerson meant when he wrote: "All mankind love a lover." How do we know Zenas Smith was a lover? He almost tells us himself in his plain, manly way. He lost his Johanneses or Josephuses. he tells us, without beating about the bush. "between my Dwelling-House in Abington, and the Widow Susanna Richardson's in Roxbury," and pray what business other than that of a lover could Zenas have had "between Five and Ten of the Clock in the Thou. loathly worm, hast bruised the Old times, however startling they may be. Morning" on the way between his home and that of the highly respected and doubtless much admired Widow Richardson? Furideas, the dangers of undernourishment of thermore, we feel quite certain that Zenas prospered in his suit, whether he recovered his Johanneses and Josephuses or not. and of a reduction of the birth rate by Otherwise, he would not so clearly have the economic penalties which speculative stated his route on that Saturday morning. food prices impose on marriage are not It is to be hoped Zenas recovered his I'll fight and fight, till all the world be free; pieces and that his wedding with the dangers which are real and insidious and Widow Susanna Richardson was not dewhich war, with its testing of national layed by his financial loss on that March Sons of Great Britain, let us not forget morning 147 years ago.

Buy New York State Apples

A highly sensible suggestion is made by That, when this tyranny is overpast, he Women's Food Bulletin that steps be taken to open the markets of this city to the apple crop of this state in preference Western apples, which can easily find other market. Three arguments in favor of the step are recited—that farmers of New York State would then have no comwould have no complaint of being unable to get apples at reasonable prices and that the railroads could not complain of undue demand on freight facilities. These arguments are all sound and

eighty, directly in line with Mr. Hoover's preachments. A fourth might be justly added. If the people of this city can get New York State apples they will get better apples, by and large, than they can ever get from the West. They will get fruit of finer flavor, more tender flesh and more juice than those attractive looking, carefully boxed bits of spongy pulp which the grocer or the fruit dealer now invariably offers.

There is one preeminent quality the Western apples have—they keep well. Indeed, it has been said of them that they were made to keep, not to eat, and it is true of all save the finest; for they are grown of stock selected to produce firmness of packed as few of the Eastern growers have yet seen the wisdom of doing.

But nobody but the dealers, who face a loss from spoiled fruit, wants keeping apcontrol of affairs and place it in the hands economy that other nations already have ples; the public wants eating and cooking learned—and we doubtless soon will learn. apples. And if the public insists on New York State grown fruit, and insists long enough and hard enough, it ought to be To even the intelligent person who has able to get it this year. If it does, it

A King Goes Fishing (From The Westminster Gazette)

An article in a French paper describing "He is an angler of the first force, this King

of Britain. Behold him there, as he sits momer day of Britain; that la'to say, a day of sleet, and fog, and tempest, But what would you? It is as they love it, those who would follow the sport. Presently the King's float He hurls himself flat on the ground on his victim. They splash and struggle in the icy She dodged some bombs and aeroplanes—water. Name of a dog! But it is a braw Upon the path of heaven; Name of a dog! But it is a braw fons has faifly reported of me the Sub-fcriber, That I did on Saturday the 3d tic, administers the coup de grace with his And her feathers numbered so pistol. The King cries with a very shrill voice, 'Hip! Hip! Hurrah!' On these redletter days His Majesty George dines on a "Did I not protest something fierce? haggis and a whiskey grog. Like a true Scotsman, he wears only a kilt." I need not add that the description is meant

to be most complimentary to the King, in spite of the lively imagination of the writer.

Thanks for Aid for French Orphans

the funds generously contributed by the friends of France in the United States for the delicate orphans of the Maison Familiale, tells me of the interest you took in the cause of our little ones.

Allow me to tell you of our feelings of gratitude for the help you gave us in publishing the "Cry of Children.

We hope to save many of the children of Living is so high that we are for the precare, but we hope for the best.

Thanking you again in the name of the Believe me, very gratefully LOUIS JOURENNEMY. Le Directeur Général.

War Poetry

An Eagle Stirs The tyrant spake: "I am the Friend of God! Yes, God's Heutenant, hammer of His

will chastise you with an iron rod; Through quivering millions will I hew my

Your ancient haunts of peace shall reck of blood.

Famine and plague and fire shall fill your halls;

Mother and babe I'll trample in the mud, Horror shall follow where my footstep You shall be gorged with sorrow for your

Drunken with tears; my yoke upon your Shall bow you till you grovel at my feet,

Yes, and acclaim me Imperator-Rex! Humanity shall shudder at my nod; will reign omnipotent, alone! Lo! I have spoken! I, the Friend of God!

ut hark! a rustling as of mighty wings: Was it an eagle in his cyric stirred And hark! a voice, as when a nation sings,

And henven's caverns echo to the word! Thou man of woman born, enough! Atone!

My soul is sickened with the stench of wars: Seaster, who call'st the firmament thine own

Athwart thy firmament I fling my stars! The stars once fought 'gainst Sizera of old: hou, King of rapine, Emperor of death, stars against thee are arrayed! Behold

I draw my sword and cast away the sheath! ot vain the mother's and the babe's appeal; Not vain the mean of the unnumbered

World's heel-At freedom's call I rise to bruise thy head!

have been patient, I have held my hand, I have endured, yea, to the eleventh hour: ow I awake! and here I bid thee stand, Matching thy lust of hate against love's

Not against nations, worm, but against thee, Worm, who usurpest God's prerogative, I'll fight and die, that all the world may

We fight as brothers, brothers as we are! Oh, sons of France, brave sons of Lafayette, Come! win the war! Come! make an end of war!

Old World and New World may be one at One great, new, warless world, where Love

shall reign! LOUIS N. PARKER. Great Missenden, England, July 14, 1917.

Britannia's Rollcall.

in a dream I saw a host Like sands beside the sea, And every man was but the ghost Of what he used to be. Yet still they marched with martial mien, Scars healed and cripples whole, And answered, while with sobs between Britannia called the roll.

We are the men who died for you From castle, court, and hall The gilded youth, the tried and true, Who had, and gave you all; Noblesse oblige—at your command, Through war's red gate we passed To that strange unimagined land

Wherein the first are last. We are the men who died for you In stiffing, baffling waves; For us no tears, as tribute due, On peaceful churchyard graves. Instead, our weary bones are tossed

To alien deeps and bourns, Where only for the loved and lost The lonely seabird mourns. We are the men who died for you,

From factories, shops, and farms; We dropped the tasks we used to do And changed our tools for arms. And in the inch by inch advance Through labyrinths of caves, We filled the ruined fields of France With harvests of fresh graves.

We are the men who died for you, The disinherited. The low-horn, slum-bred, reckless few Who also fought and bled. In life dishonored and denied, With the elect we stand, They asked us where we lived and died, We said-in No Man's Land.

We are the men who died for you. Gathered from ends of earth, As welcome and as loyal too As men of English birth. We gave to serve our mother's needs Our love, our blood, our breath, Of different breeds and different creeds,

But brothers all in death. We whom the gods love died for you, By water, air or fire, And some to war's wild wreckage threw Rent lute and unstrung lyre; Others shall hear your trumpets blow

When victory ends the strife We are content, for now you know We loved you more than life.

JULIA S. DINSMORE.

The Dove of Peace (Rossetti Revised.)

And her feathers numbered seven. "I wish that they would stop the fight

For they will stop"-she said; Lord, Lord! The notes I made! Are not three years a perfect age To hang around?" she prayed.

She paused and listened; ducked againem shot and shell to shrink) 'All this must cease" --- she mildly spake, "But when? Just let me think"-

Sir: Mme. Blanche Bimont, who brings us And then her game eye opened wide And closed; I saw her wink. LAURA SIMMONS.

The Cuckoo in Camp (Eric Parker, in The London Spectator)

Dark elms in deep June heat, Poppies blazing in wheat, Dust in a windless street, And then Unbelievable, sweet Reyond all voices of spring. You, from some copse unseen Calling, calling. You, calling back the May, Blackbirds singing all day.

My own Surrey lane And brier budding green. White-blown, virginal gean And primroses in rain.
Oh, and it's all of it gone.
And I sha'n't hear you again!

HINDENBURG, THE DICTATOR



The Kaiser-Suppose he should stay there! -Ricardo Flores, in "Le Journal," of Paris

The Irish Sea-Cook

By F. J. Sleath

When swords are turned to reaping-hooks steward by profession, and, as his name suggests, an Irishman. He was, moreover, a "wandering" Irlshman. Those who have met his type need no explanation of the qualifying adjective. As, however, a true appreciation of George's subsequent career depends greatly on a proper understanding of the other Irishman, whose aptness of expression was only matched by the keenness of his insight into human nature.

"There are two brands of Irish cats," said this worthy, "domestic and Kilkenny. There George to take up the position. are also two brands of Irishmen, and you don't find the Kilkenny brand in Ireland unless it's home for a holiday."

George enlisted very early in the war, and was straightway made assistant cook at his depot. This did not altogether meet his ideas of what soldiering should be, but he might have slumbered out the war contentkitchens except for the fact that he was too In fact, it was just as if he had been proexcellent a cook and too typical an Irishman moted ship's steward from deck hand and are from the knees-a downward kick. to brook much ordering about from his ser- had exchanged the forecastle ideas with regeant, who, though superior to him in rank, gard to the ship's officers for those of the was infinitely inferior to him in craftsman ship. And so, after several scenes in which his Kilkenny attributes each time became nore pronounced. George left the cooking department for the more active life of a training company. In the course of time he was drafted out to France.

Back to the Galley

A wise prevision in army regulations in sures that any special aptitude a recruit has shown during his training period at home is duly communicated to the battalion he joins n the trenches, and accordingly, very shortly after his arrival in France, George was made Now, a captain's steward company cook. aboard an ordinary tramp steamer is quite an important personage. He cooks and valets for the captain, but he is chief of the commissariat department and generally sits down to table with the master and the mates.

The long-established law of the sea lays down that a master mariner may not consort with his officers, and so the steward is often his captain's companion on shore-going excursions. Accordingly, he is accustomed to dress as respectably as his superior, and his habits of personal neatness and cleanliness are traditional. But the duties of a company cook in the trench area are totally at veriance with habits of neatness and cleanliness, and continued contact with smoky open fire and soot-incrusted dixies soon gave George the appearance of a chimney sweep. When t is remembered that he was an Irishman of the Kilkenny variety and that his experience of the trench area never exceeded the limits of the support lines where his cookhouse was established, no one need he surprised that he began to look on his duties with loathing. Repeated applications for a transfer were, however, always passed over on account of the excellence of his cooking, but the growing list of misdemeanors marked down on his conduct sheet showed the state of revolt he was rapidly attaining. One day while the regiment was holding

trenches about a thousand yards north of Hill 60 his supplies of fuel ran short. The men's dinner had nevertheless to be prepared, and George must perforce use odd pieces of brushwood to make good the shortage. The smoke caused by the damp firewood attracted the enemy's attention, and just when the food was ready to be served out a shell entered his cookhouse and wrecked all its contents. George, by a miracle, escaped without a scratch, but the resulting bother about the preparation of makeshift meal, the shortness of temper of all concerned and his own fury at the Germans as the cause of all the trouble broke down the last shreds of his self-restraint, and he made such an inroad on the company that evening that he was very lucky indeed merely to be dismissed from his job and returned to duty as an ordinary soldier. A Daring Soldier

It might be expected that, having got the

desired change of work, his conduct a'so would change for the better. An improve ment did, in fact, take place, and the little affairs of the firing line and No Man's Land neutralized most of the mischievous tendencies which had been awakened in him. He proved a bold and skilful soldier, a delight e the officers in charge of patrols, and just as his cookhouse, after the shelling incident, chered. became known as "Moore's cookhouse," so among the men of his battalion other places ter of one, or a half of one, but a whole one. in the district became associated with name through some exploit in which he had the one that is going on now is hawfull. Well,

The battle of Waterloo was bad enuff, but

George Moore was a master mariner's pear a very ordinary type among his fellows, among us who say they can't -- and don't but an Irishman, and especially a wandering Irishman, in an "alien" regiment is bound to occasion a considerable amount of stir among ten minutes in still water. his comrades, and whatever mischievaus project was afoot George was sure to take bottom. With lungs full of air you will be s part in it. He guyed the sergeant major you can't-the water will bear you up. Ota and the minor N. C. O.'s with merciless cun- you have confidence the water will support ning and proved at once a veritable joy and you the rest is simply getting the am term, a further explanation may not be out inspiration to his fellow Tommies and a above water for an occasional breath m of place. It is given in the words of an- never-ending source of apprehension to those learning to propel yourself through the way engaged in keeping order in the regimental From my own experience and observabillets. His conduct, however, was not of the I should say that the breast stroke criminal order, and when a cook was wanted discouraged and kept from learning a

New Responsibilities

verted to ultra-respectability. He was once paddle"—clawing downward with one lef more a "captain's man," filling a responsible, and the other but a short diggs f humble, position. The various N. C. O.'s whom he had formerly baited now acquired n his regard the status of fellow function- at all times and it requires only movement aries, each charged with a definite commisedly enough among the depot dixies and field sion to be fulfilled within a definite sphere. ouarterdeck, where mutual support and interdependence are the guiding principles. He your body. Paddle gently with your hard made an excellent mess caterer, and often is spontaneous wit would chase away the can breathe through your nose. Really the gloom when bad times hung over the hat- all there is to swimming. Swim as low h talion and friends no longer sat down in their conted places. His captain held him in high lifting of the head or body out of the esteem. was not ungrateful.

The long, dreary winter of 1915-'16 water. Open your eyes-water, salt or free, ipped away, the bloody spring affairs at will not hurt them. HUGUENOT Bluff and St. Eloi passed into history, and still George served as captain's steward The Somme cloud loomed upon the horizon and broke, and there came a day when To the Editor of The Tribune. George found himself in a front-line trench, waiting to go forward with the second wave of the attack. The first wave had advanced as far as some very deep wire uncut by the bombardment, behind which was a trench full of Germans, and had taken cover in a shalditch by the side of an overgrown road bout two hundred yards from their starting while runners heroically made their way back to ask for a further bombardment. One of these men shouted out, "Captain is lying wounded half way across," and Captoin was George's master. The front life-giving to the tired worker and to be line was being traversed by machine gun fire, sick, to whom it may be carried, and see the bullets smack-smacking all along the parapet, yet without a moment's hesitation

house" still exists or any of the other saps ing to changed conditions in the neighbor and corners associated with his name. But his memory depends on no such visible sym- Sixteen are maintained by the efforts of the bols for its perpetuation. Whenever I meet committee and funds are needed to carry any of the "old boys" of the regiment, and the work. The increased cost of ice and a we talk of the splendid comrades now dead labor, the latter counting greatly in our bal and gone, the name of that Irish sea-cook get owing to constant repairs in our bubble is among the first to be mentioned.

master and man lying dead together.

Haig and Wellington Converse From The Sheffield (England) Daily Telegraph]

At a competitive examination recently in a ocal elementary school one of the exercises set was to describe an imaginary conversation between the Duke of Wellington and Sir Douglas Haig. The idea was to see how far the children had realized the changes that have taken place in methods of conducting war. Some of the essays were extremely good, showing considerable historical knewledge, as well as a fairly wide acquainta with the present-day science of warfare. And some were unconsciously humorous. which category the following comes our readers must decided for themselves: W-Good morning, Sir Douglas, how are

ou keeping in these days of agony? H-I am as well as can be. Let's see, thou Should not this densely populated island I on a great battle at Waterloo.

W-Yes, there has not been many battles water against emergencies? It is certainly nuch fiercer. H-Happen not, but there are some been as

teen-mile front, and I don't know how many tion lines would have to stop running Huns we capchered, and I don't care, so long many thousands of our dense populates as I capcher and kill some more. W-How many did there look to be cap- obtain water.

H-Oh, about 6,000 killed and 50,000 cap-

W-You made a great success. Not a quar-

good-bye, I am going back to my grave, all An Irishman in an Irish regiment may ap- my things are out of date,

Mishandling a Fairy Tale

"Jack and the Beanstalk" Frighter Children Who See It

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Being greatly interested in motion pictures for children, I am astounded at the criticism in your paper, and a number of others, of the Fox film "Jack and the Benstalk." I protest with indignation against both the film and the criticisms.

Evidently a child audience was the farther thing from Mr. Fox's mind when he made at least half of "Jack and the Beanstalk" During much of the film there were children all over the house crying as though the

poor little hearts would break. Well acted the film certainly was, and de ightfully humorous in places and realist-But the humor in most cases did not res the children, and the realism in many place struck terror to their souls. The agoning parts were dragged out to a length alms unbearable even to grown-ups. Blood at ing down people's faces is no sight for the

The good old fairy stories do not be children's feelings and a picture has no rie to do so. The old writers for children under stood child psychology.

I don't know whether Mr. Fox has one en on the box office or what the trouble is, in had better forget the grown folks while h After having gotten the children to care

to the theatre in joyous anticipation of a seautiful fairy story, there is shown, before "Jack and the Beanstalk," a "comedy" of the vilest, filthiest type—one not fit to be show on any motion picture programme. It seems as though some one had taken that opportunity to attempt to deprave the minds of If the programmes announced as especially

for children are not safe for them, it is the they were forbidden the picture houses, es the houses closed. This letter may seem strong, but I bellers

most parents, at least, will agree with me and I believe that you will always was your paper to stand on the right side of the very important question. VIRGINIA SAUNDERS

New York, Aug. 10, 1917,

Easy to Swim To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It's amazing what a mystery these who don't know how to swim make of the learning of that very simple art. Why, its as simple as rolling off a log-and it's fre quently learned in approximately that me ner. Babics learn to swim before they a walk among water-loving savage tribes, as yet there are any number of grown me

There's no person who can't learn to sais or at least, support himself in the water, breast deep and then try to sit down on

From my own experience and observation for the company headquarters mess the com- counted would-be swimmers. Its us all pany commander was only too pleased to get upon muscles rarely if ever used and The leg stroks and with it is mechanically impo stroke is pretty well discredited now, he With this change George once more re- beginners seem to know no other. The bepaddle"-clawing downward with one le ahead of your chin-has many advertige for the beginner. It keeps the head well; we make many thousands of times daily at which our muscles are amply developed for

The only leg movements with this stress You can't sink with your lungs full of a However, if you lie inert in the water ye head will hang lower than the remainder of and you will bring up your head till p the water as possible-every unnecessar The sequel will show that George water costs greatly in effort. Familiaring yourself with paddling about under the

New Rochelle, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1917.

A Life-Giving Drink

Sir: In the hope that you may find the or it in your columns this letter seeks ! tell briefly of the work of a small commit an's Municipal Lengue of the City of See York. This committee has for fifteen years brought comfort and relief to the ov crowded districts of the city by supplied drinking fountains of water cooled by it. during the summer months, when the water in the pipes is of a temperature nauseating or drinking purposes. The cold drink

sick, to whom it may be carried, and keep George mounted a scaling ladder and disenthere are about two hundred saloons, and the between the Battery and Houston Str peared over the top. And later, when the fountain at Seaman's Church Institute to attack had been pressed home, they found a constant stream of patrons through the night as well as during the day. do not know whether "Moore's cook-se" still exists or any of the other sare hood, while some are supported as me

etc., has raised the average maintenance of of each fountain to about one hundred dollar for the season. This money has been raise by subscriptions and gifts, eked out by & tertainments.

The committee believes that if this reliework were better known it would make it appeal even in the times of stress. Checks may be sent to the chairman

MRS. H. T. WEIDENFELD, Iced Water Fountains Committee Wemas's Municipal League, 110 West Fortage

New York, A .. 7, 1917.

Preserve Central Park Reservoirs for Emergency To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Would it not be unwise to discontinue the use of the Central Park reservoirs quite possible that the supply coming free above the Hurlem River might be cut t bad, and happen worse. The other day we drove the Huns back fifteen miles on an eighteen-mile front, and I don't know how man machinations. In that case transport might perish from thirst before they cool

In case of such a catastrophe the supply of water in the reservoirs would be better that none at all, and could doubtless be held solely for drinking purposes by closing the discharge pipes and pumping the water for distribution by motor wagons. All reservoirs would be emptied very quickly if the ordinary discharge pipes were left open. New York, Aug. 9, 1917.